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MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

——BY——

MRS. EURETTA WHEELER.

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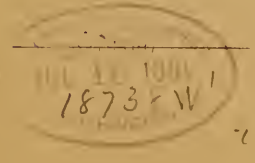

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PREFACE.

To the Public:

This little book which I offer to a sensible public is one of originality, written and arranged while discharging my daily household duties, recording thoughts as they flowed in the channel of understanding. If this production is acceptable and appreciated by the reader I shall reap all I anxiously expect. Hoping it may find favor and be a household friend, I remain with sincere respect. Yours Truly,

Mrs. Eureita Wheeler.

a.m.p. Chr. 8, 1931.

A GOODLY THOUGHT

I gaze around the universe
And view its features grand,
Which bear the impress everywhere
Of an almighty hand.

The glowing sun, whose dazzling beams
Sends forth a golden ray,
As on his burning throne he dwells
'Mid never ending day.

The silvery moon, whose milder beams,
Attend us as we roll,
And breathes to us throughout the night,
Of our immortal soul.

The glistening stars whose gleaming light
Was of intrinsic worth,
When they assisted long ago
Unto the Saviour's birth.

The mountains vast which to the skies
Rear their majestic forms—
Upon whose heights Jehovah stood,
Amidst the whirlwind's storms.

The boundless sea whose restless waves
Forever onward roll,
And seem at times to be possessed
With an unconquered soul.

Then as I gaze upon the works
Of my Creator's hand,
Which all their offices perform
Unto his least command.

I ponder in my inmost soul
And wonder at the cause,
That God can so regard a man
Who disregards His laws.

LIFE'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Though to-day the roses blossom,
On the morrow they will die,
And the sunbeams glowing brightly
Will have faded from the sky,
And the friends you've loved the dearest
To your heart, shall prove untrue,

And your dreams of earthly heaven
All be hidden from your view.

Oh the fair and glowing visions
Greeting us on life's fair morn,
Which as forth we go to meet them,
Die as quickly as they're born.
Oh the phantom form of pleasure
Which we eagerly have grasped,
But to find a withered spectre
In our warm embraces clasped.

Oh the cup of bliss untasted
Which we once had thought to quaff,
Oh the wheat we thought to gather
Where we nothing found but chaff,
Oh the bitter disappointments
We have met with on the way ;
Only night and gloomy shadows
Where we looked for brightest day.

Though the morn of life was joyous
Yet our blisses faded soon
And of much of bitter sorrow
Had we tasted ere 'twas noon,
For the waters of affliction
Have encompassed us about,
And the night of life is troubled
With anxiety and doubt.

Then though roses bloom in splendor
And upon the morrow die
Yet their germs will grow and quicken
Into beauty by and by.
For as seeds will not enliven
Lest the parent blossom dies,
So the soul from out the ruins
Of afflictions shall arise
To become a glorious blossom
For the realms of Paradise.

YEARNINGS.

As the fever heated patient longeth for the cooling streams,
Babbles of them in delerium, hears their murmur in his dreams;
So my heart forever yearneth for that home beyond the skies
Where my loved ones wait my coming in the realms of Paradise.

There they rest beside the waters, flowing through the pastures green,
As they dwell 'mid scenes celestial fairer than our eyes hath seen,
Where the flowers forever blossom and the birds forever sing,
In the glowing vales of Eden in the country of our King
There the sorrow laden spirit sweetest rest shall find and peace,
For that golden country entered, all our cares and troubles cease,
And as sunshine seems the brightest after nights of darkest gloom,
So the sweetest joys await us at the entrance of the tomb.
Then no wonder that my spirit sinking 'neath its weight of care,
Anxiously awaits the summons to that land so bright and fair,
Where the glorious voice of angels in triumphant song arise
As they dwell in joy forever in the realms of Paradise.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a beautiful land that I see in my dreams
With magnificent gardens and fountains and streams,
Where no withering blight on its inmates shall fall,
And the light of the spirit illuminates all.

'Tis the land of the soul, 'tis the home of the blest,
Where the poor weary spirit from trouble may rest
With the lambs of the flock in their beautiful fold,
When the storms of this life all beyond it have rolled.

There's a glorious stream in that beautiful land,
Of whose waters which flow over glistening sand,
You may drink and forget all your sorrow and strife,
And the name of that stream is the River of Life.

There's an all healing balm in that beautiful land
For the souls who temptations and trials withstand;
And that balm all the woe of the spirit shall cure,
If the strife to the end of the race we endure.

There's no darkness or night in that beautiful land,
Which the spirit illumines with radiance grand,
And the end never comes to the ransomed soul,
For those ages of bliss shall eternally roll.

Then I pray I may keep in the way that is right
'Till my soul from this body of clay take its flight
To the home of the blest on that glorious strand,
Safe at last in the realms of that beautiful land.

ACTS OF KINDNESS.

This life is too short to be trifled away
In hatred's contentions or useless display ;
Oh better, far better it is to perform
Some action of kindness to keep the heart warm.

There's many a person each day that we meet
At home or abroad, in the workshop or street,
Whose lives would be better and nobler by far
If they had to guide them sweet friendships, bright star.

There's many a heart that is aching with pain,
A striving to stand against scorn and disdain,
Whose bitterest sorrow would soon disappear,
With actions of kindness their pathway to cheer.

There's plenty of work if you're willing to do,
The sad and the weary from trouble to woo,
A gentle word here and a pleasant smile there,
And many a heart is relieved of its care.

Make smooth the rough places for faltering feet,
Give to the down trodden encouragement sweet,
And whisper of Heaven to spirits that mourn,
And lighten each burden too heavily borne.

Then bright and resplendent your harvest shall be,
Full ten-fold you've given returning to thee,
And happy you'll be, you was led to perform
Such actions of kindness to keep the heart warm.

NOW AND THEN.

When this crushed and broken spirit
  Goes unto its final rest,
And these weary hands are folded
  O'er this still and pulseless breast,
And the fire of sense and reason
  Lie in ashes 'neath this brow,
Will the world which judges harshly
  Judge as harshly then as now?

I have tried to do my duty,
  Striven hard to walk aright,
But the ones who should have helped me
  Made my burden far from light,
And when standing on the margin
  Of the fearful gulf of sin,
They who should have tried to save me
  Strove to push me farther in.

It is hard to have to buffet
All the storms of life alone,
Knowing that your very neighbor
Hopes to see you overthrown,
Hard to stand and vainly struggle
'Gainst an all opposing tide,
Knowing that your purest motives
Are on every hand belied.

It is hard to face the forces
In a battle so unjust,
Knowing you'll receive no mercy
'Til you're humbled in the dust,
And although within your spirit
You can but despise them all,
It but makes them in their fury,
More determined you shall fall.

I am weary and discouraged
With this war of hate and strife,
And I at my Maker's option
Gladly would lay down my life,
And when I with willing spirit
Unto Death's decree shall bow,
Will the world which judges harshly
Judge as harshly then as now?

FAINT NOT.

Faint not, oh weary spirit,
Sink not beneath thy cares,
For from the deepest shadows
A light breaks unawares;
And what thou deem'st misfortunes
A benefit may prove,
The way that God has taken
To try your faith and love.

Faint not although thy pathway
Is now bestrewn with throns,
For from the darkest midnights
Spring forth the brightest morns;
And where the way is shrouded
With shadows from the tomb,
'Twill soon break forth to sunshine,
To beauty and to bloom.

Then faint not, oh my spirit,
But struggle bravely on,
For soon before thy vision
A glorious day shall dawn;
And know oh soul the greater
The cross which bear you bear,
The brighter will the crown be
Which you in Heaven shall wear.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Jehovah called and from the depths
I listened to his voice,
As he in tones of sweet command
My spirit bade rejoice,
And bid my soul that long had lain
In bondages and thralls,
To now escape from durance vile
And scale its prison walls
And I with with joy unspeakable
His mandates did obey,
As He my soul from death and night
Brought forth to life and day.

This spirit which had dormant lain
Within the pit immured,
Now purified from earthly dross
By woes it has endured,
He bids from trammels to be free,
And from the depths to rise,
And pierce the mighty universe,
And soar beyond the skies,
And though I've pondered in my soul,
And vainly sought to know
Why He the King of Heaven should
Such gifts on me bestow.

'Tis all in vain but unto Thee
For all thy gracious ways,
My soul in reverence doth bow,
And yield undying praise.

THE CITY OF REST.

As I sat at my casement one eve long ago,
As the golden sun sank in the west;
It did seem as I looked through a rift in the clouds
I could see the fair City of Rest.
Oh the bright Jasper walls of that city I saw,

And the streets of pure gold I could see,
And the river of life as it rolled from the throne,
With its glorious waters so free.

But the sight to mine eyes the most blissful of all,
Was the face of the crucified one,
And the light from His features so holy and grand
Far exceeded the light of the sun,
And I saw 'mong the angels who worshipped Him there
Many friends who had died long ago,
Whose trials and troubles have all passed away,
And they tread where the still waters flow.

They shall rest evermore in those pastures so green,
With their souls free from sorrow and strife,
For they conquered the world and their names are all writ
With the saints in the lamb's book of life.

And they beckon to me from that faraway shore,
And I long in my soul to be there.
When begirt with temptations too strong to resist,
And my cross seems too heavy to bear,
Then the great clouds of crimson and purple and gold,
Rolled together away in the west;
Shutting out from my view all those visions so fair,
Of that beautiful City of Rest.

T'was a fancy I know that was born in the brain,
And a yearning for something more pure,
But as long as these pulses this bosom shall thrill,
The bright scenes of that land shall endure,
And when torn in the conflict of right with the wrong,
And temptations grow strong in my breast,
I pray in my heart and my spirit grows strong
As I think of that City of Rest.

GONE BEFORE

They are not dead, the friends we mourn,
Not dead but gone before,
And while we grieve their hearts rejoice
With Christ forever more.

Our tears fall o'er the marble form,
From us so rudely torn we think,
But do not think their feet
Were weary, tired, and worn.

Nor do we know how much their souls
With sorrows were oppressed,
But God, the poor tired hearts hath seen,
And taken them to rest.

'Tis hard to part from those we love,
And oh what bitter pain,
To know the lips we've kissed so oft
Shall ne'er respond again.

To know those sightless death dimmed eyes
Shall never more awake,
And when we know that death has won,
It seems our hearts would break.

And when the palid form is laid
At rest beneath the sod,
It seems unto the saddened soul
There's nothing left but God.

We should not grieve o'er lifeless clay,
With aching heart and sore,
For they're not dead, the friends we mourn,
Not dead but gone before.

WONDERING.

I wonder if there is a land
Away beyond the sky,
With pastures clothed in living green
And flowers that never die,
Where sorrowed hearts that country gained,
Are never known to sigh.

I wonder if the soul shall lose
Its heavy weight of sin,
And all its cares and sorrows seems
As though they had not been;
While joy and peace reign in their stead,
That country entered in.

I wonder if the scornful words
And bitter sneers unkind,
Of those who hated us on earth
Are ever brought to mind;
Or shall they be with sin and woe,
Forever brought to mind.

I wonder if the toiling poor,
By woeful want oppressed,
Who scarce can keep the soul alive
Within the starving breast,
So loud the wolf knocks at the door,
Shall plenty find and rest.

I wonder if the soul shall meet
Within that spirit land,
With friends who left them long ago
To join that angel band,
And if they'll know each other there
And clasp the kindly hand.

Then if there is such a wondrous land
To gain it I shall try,
And from this hour I'll seek to place
My treasures upon high,
Where moth and rust doth not corrupt,
And pleasures never die.

RULE OF LIFE.

As I the way of life pursue,
Let me unto myself be true,
And yield to all their due respect,
Nor unto any show neglect,
But prove myself unto the end,
A generous foe and faithful friend.
Ne'er let me frawn unto the great,

Nor sneer at those of low estate;
But give me a well balanced mind,
That I may justly treat mankind,
Nor do an act I've judged as mean,
When I've that thing in others seen.

When friends in whom I've put my trust,
Into my heart a sword shall thrust,
And 'gainst me in their souls devise
A thousand wicked sland'rous lies.
Let me not give as I've received,
But live so they wont be believed.

Let me be found a trusty friend,
On whom my neighbor can depend,
And though report be good or ill,
A faithful friend they'll find me still,
Who to the end will see them through,
Nor judge none false 'til proved untrue.

If I perchance much gold should win,
Let me but count it as a sin
To hoard it while both want and woe
I may relieve as on I go;
And deem it lent me but to bless
And aid the poor in their distress.

If on his way my foe should fall,
Or should be driven to the wall,
Let not my spirit be so bad
As at his failure to be glad,
But rather lend a helping hand
And yield my gold to his command.

Let me not think to thrive and grow
Upon the ruins of a foe,
Nor strive to glorify my fame
By adding to another's shame,
And when I can but illy speak
Of others let me silent keep.

If on my way I come across
A man who faints beneath the loss
Of character and wealth and friends,
Let me for their loss make amends;
Befriend him in his woeful plight,
And lead him once more to the light.

Thus may I live a peaceful life,
All free from discord, hate and strife,
That He may say, who rules above,
And shields us by His mighty love,
When I the race of life have run:
Thou faithful servant 'tis well done.

MY FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

On Duty's dark and cheerless shrine
I sacrificed my love,
And saw the treasure of my heart
In incense float above;
And as it unto Heaven soared
In undulating swells,
It changed into a garland fair
Of Heavenly Asphodels,
Which angels grasped and bore away
To realms beyond the skies,
And there my flowers of Love shall bloom
For me in Paradise.

And from the embers on that shrine
A beauteous flower arose,
Whose fragrance soothes the bosom's pangs
And heals the spirit's woes,
Which round the pathway of the soul,
With its immortal bloom,

A dazzling radiance doth shed,
And beautifies the tomb;
And when this soul at last is free
To soar beyond the skies,
This flower of Duty too shall bloom
For me in Paradise.

REST.

Ye who heavy laden are,
Who beneath your burdens bend;
Laboring beyond your strength,
Come and I will be your friend;
I will bear you in my arms;
I will shield you on my breast;
Come you sorrow laden souls,
Come and I will give you rest.

Ye whose lives are full of woe,
One long round of trouble here,
Having not a ray of hope,
All your lonely way to cheer;
Take upon ye now my yoke,
Heed ye now my fond request,
And your burdens on me cast,
And I'll give your spirits rest.

WORDS OF PRAISE.

If I may, by a word of praise,
Or kindly action cheer
The path of sorrow's struggling child,
Which erstwhile was so drear;
Or bring a ray of light and warmth
Unto the heart that's cold,
My spirit must be mean indeed,
Such kindness to with-hold.

A word of praise unto the soul,
That strives to do its best,
May fan to flames the fires divine,
Which slumber in the breast,
And quicken in the torpid mind
Ambitions and desires,
Which may enlighten all the world
Through their refulgent fires.

Some souls on oppositions thrive,
But more on honest praise,
And when my own was weathering
Its very darkest days;
A word of sweet encouragement
Brought forth unto the light,
The spirit which so long had dwelt
In the abodes of night.

Though open praise they claim's disgrace,
I see no reason why;
For surely without light or sun
The strongest plant will die;
Nor can I see what hurt 'twill do
To speak the good I think,
Nor how 'twill harm the thirsty soul
Of honest praise to drink,
And if I by encouragement
May warm the heart that's cold,
My spirit must be mean indeed
Due praises to with-hold.

RELIGION AND CREED,

My sins they did condemn me,
And so I thought I'd try
To find the way to Heaven
Before 'twas time to die;
And as my mind was doubtful
Wherein my duty lay,
I thought I'd seek the shepherds
And have them show the way.

I found a Baptist preacher
And talked with him a while,
He said that he with water
Could wash away my guile;
But for though I lived religion
And did my duty well,
Without this one condition
My soul would go to hell.

This seemed so very narrow
I left him on the spot,
And to the Parish Bishop
Myself I quickly got;
He said I must do penance
The forty days of Lent,
And then it didn't matter
How other time was spent.

This seemed too great a license
So to a Priest I hied,
Who, Protestant religion
Most bitterly decryed,
And said 'twas well I came to him
For 'twas essential, very,
That I my sins to him confess
And pray to Virgin Mary.

I didn't like his logic
So to a Methodist
I went with my petition,
Who did my story list,
And said that all 'twas needed
Was there to take my place,
And I would soon be perfect
Through ever growing grace.

This didn't seem sufficient,
And so I then besought
A Presbyterian preacher,
And this is what he thought:
That what's to be will surely be,
And that we must expect,
But if I'd come with him I might
Be one of the elect.

I turned away in sorrow,
For not a single word
Concerning Christian duty
Had I from any heard;
Nor how to find religion;
So homeward I did turn,
To look within my bible,
To see if I could learn.

"Then love ye one another"
Were just the words I saw,
For therein lie the Prophets,
Religion and the Law.
And I've about concluded
That what the people need,
Is rather more Religion
And rather less of Creed.

THE DIFFERENCE.

When a man is dead and buried,
Of his virtues how we preach,
But when he was living with us,
Very diff'rent was our speech;

If he'd not condone our vices
Or could see in us a fault,
We would smirch his reputation,
And his character assault.

We would strike him in the darkness,
Smite him when he could not see;
Strive to make him out a rascal,
Better though, he was than we—
And if others will bespoke him
We would listen with a sneer,
And with meanest inuendoes,
Make him at his worst appear.

Now, the pallid corpse arraigns us
For the evil that we did;
And we fain would shut his mem'ry
Safe within the coffin lid;
And our conscience now awakened,
Crieth bitterly, forgive,
And remorse within our bosoms
To our dying day shall live.

Roses plant we o'er his body;
Thorns we gave him when alive,
And for evil that we did him
Now, to make amends we strive,
But it nothing now availeth,
For repentance came too late—
And he cannot hear our praises,
Though they reach to Heaven's gate.

Then beware of evil speaking,
Be it of a foe or friend;
For you'll surely see your folly
When it is too late to mend;
And may this, our sad experience,
To our souls this lesson teach—
To be kinder to the living
Ere they pass beyond our reach.

Your character and your repute
Are similar as brothers;
Your character you make yourself—
Your reputation others;
And though your character may be,
As pure as at creation,
You still may have through sland'rous tongues
The vilest reputation.

IT GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN.

When I see a foul injustice done, beneath my very nose ;
When I see a churlish upstart treading on his neighbor's toes;
When I see a poor man struggle 'gainst oppression all in vain,
'Till he sinks beneath his burden, how it goes against the grain !

When I see a man insulted, and then injured by a lout,
Whom in trouble he befriended, and with money helped him out,
When no other man would trust him, and then lets him plead in vain,
For the justice he refuseth, how it goes against the grain !

When I see a scornful woman shrug her shoulders with a sneer,
When a weak and erring sister, in her presence doth appear ;
Whilst the poor repentant woman, tries her footing to regain,
She still lower tries to push her, how it goes against the grain!

When I see a humble person enter in the house of God,
And on every hand is greeted by the cold looks of the proud—
'Till he feels that Jesus' mission on this earth has been in vain,
And retires with broken spirit, how it goes against the grain!

When I see a rank injustice done because it is the law ;
And the greedy rich man gathers in his great rapacious maw,
All the substance that the poor man long has labored for in vain,
And forecloses then his mortgage, how it goes against the grain !

When I see a righteous movement strive against a mighty wrong,
(For the fittest scarce surviveth, but in story and in song.)
And the nobler effort faileth with its labor all in vain,
While the evil reigns triumphant, how it goes against the grain !

But the time is drawing nearer, when oppressor and oppressed,
Both expect to enter Heaven, there to find eternal rest,
And when he the proud aggressor finds his expectations vain,
And receives his righteous judgment, will it go against the grain !

GRATITUDE

Oh gratitude! Oh gratitude!
Thou boon of peerless price,
I scarcely think the selfsame breast
Hath known thy presence twice;
Or, what is worse than that by half,
When I the facts recall;
I think there's hardly one in ten,
Who knows thy worth at all.

The more a man will do for us,
The more we want him to;
Then merely kick him for his pains
When he has helped us through;
And if perchance the world should turn,
Upon him with a frown,
We haste to be the first to pull
Our benefactor down.

The fiercest brute that ever roamed,
By kindness is subdued;
And even dogs, inferior beasts,
Will show their gratitude,
But man whom God did once create,
The angels scarce below;
Is just the only creature, who
Ingratitude will show.

AN EVIL TONGUE.

Of all the ills by which we're cursed
An evil tongue's by far the worst;
It seems as though a horrid nest
Of vipers dwelt within the breast,
And aided by the tongue their spite
Spit forth in venomous delight.

The tongue's the key that ope's the door
Unto the thoughts we have in store;
And whether they be good or ill,
Reveal the truth the tongue it will;
For every word we speak you'll find--,
Their sources have within the mind.

An evil tongue, oh who can tell
The mischief that this member fell,
Has wrought upon the heart of man
Since first the world its course began;
Or count the souls that it hath sent
To ruin through its vile intent.

Oh how much sorrow it has caused,
How many faithful friends been lost,
How many enemies been gained,
How many loving hearts been pained,
And with the deepest anguish wrung
By its foul means, an evil tongue.

Oh is there then, no way that we
Rid of this fearful curse can be;
Refine the heart, from that proceeds
All evil words as well as deeds;
And when the stream's cleansed at its source,
Pure then 'twill flow along its course.

WEALTH VS. WORTH.

'Tis wealth and not worth that commands the respect
Of the people who dwell in this land,
And if you've but dollars though fool or a rogue,
All society's at your command.

Your father and mother might both have been hung,
And you too, if you had your desert,
But never you mind if you've plenty of gold,
For 'twill hide every vestige of dirt.

But if you are poor though of brains you've a store,
And to-day should go out on the street,
'Tis scarcely a smile or a nod of the head,
You receive from the friends that you meet.

But let it be said that a fortune you've heired,
And to-morrow go out just the same;
Of greetings, handshakings, kind wishes and such,
All descriptions would be but too tame.

This worship of gold you will find in the church,
Just you enter the door Sunday morn,
With garments both old and a little threadbare
And but note how you're treated with scorn.

Both pastor and people your presence ignore,
Not a kindly hand to you is given;
(I can't help but wonder if that's how 'twill be
When they all live together in Heaven.)

Then at eve go again in some costly attire,
And but note what a difference 'twill make;
The very best seat is now offered to you,
And your hand they all warmly do shake.

Whilst if their Redeemer arrayed in the garb
That he wore while he toiled here on earth ;
Should enter the house dedicated to Him,
His appearance would only cause mirth.

That's pretty strong language I hear some one say,
But you know just the same that its true ;
For genius or brains have no weight with the mass,
And I fear 'tis the same too with you.

For man may be noble, heroic and grand,
With the best gifts of nature endowed,
But if there's no gilding to give them relief,
No effect do they have with the crowd.

And thus you will find it wherever you go,
That if rich you will ne'er lack a friend,
But if you are poor 'twill be counted a loss,
For which nothing else can amend.

Then shame on this toadying worship of gold,
Which has spread like a blight o'er the earth ;
And recognize man as God meant that you should,
For his Intellect, Genius and Worth.

DON'T REPINE.

What though to-day your luck seems lost,
Don't sit and pine in sorrow ;
But pluck up heart and go to work,
For better things to-morrow;
For every cloud you know they say
Has got a silver lining,
And just beyond the darkest shade,
The sun is brightly shining.

What though your friends prove false to you,
Your character assailing ;
'Twill do no good to sit and mourn,
Nor railing give for railing ;
Keep right to work and let them go,
Whatever be their versions,
And only let it stimulate
You on to fresh exertions.

Then pass along and do your best,
And things will come out rightly ;
And right across your path the sun
Will soon be shining brightly ;
Then take the world just as it comes,
Nor extra trouble borrow,
And you will find as on you climb,
There's better things to-morrow.

THE SLANDERER'S REBUKE.

They say they do well, let them say,
I guess I know they do;
And nine tenths of the stuff they tell
Is every word untrue;
And so you need'nt sit and try
To make me take it in,
For I'm not overpleased to hear
About your neighbors sin.

Your neighbors sin, concerning that
I'm sure I do not know,
But somehow she's displeased you all,
And so her overthrow
You all together have conspired,
To someway bring about,
And so you come to me and throw
Insinuations out.

Your neighbors sin consists I guess,
In being fair of face,
And having more of natures gifts,
Than any in the place;
And having seen the little minds,
For which you well are known,
She does the thing she ought to do,
And leaves you all alone.

And so together you've conspired,
To crush her to the ground;
While if against her you were weighed
You wanting would be found;
And if one half the things you do,
Should to the light come out,
That any one would notice you,
I wonderfully doubt.

And so I'll say right here and now,
You'd better take advice;
And drop this story where it is,
Before you tell it twice;
For folks who live in houses glass,
Should never throw a stone,
And ere they sweep clean their neighbors steps,
They'd better clean their own.

WOMAN.

Frailty thy name is woman,
So a gifted poet sung,
But Deceitfulness I'd name her,
If my mind could find a tongue;
Man is called a base deceiver,
So he's noted far and wide,
But to come right down to business,
He's an angel by her side;
For no man that's born of woman,
To her level e'er can sink,
And I think 'twixt man and Satan,
She must be a kind of link.

Oh the baseness of the creature,
When she once makes up her mind,
That her more successful sister,
To the shades must be consigned;
Then it is she shows her nature,
And a devilish trap she'll set,
And with wiliest devices,
Draw her victim in her net;
She'll pretend to her she loves her,
That she wants to be her friend,
And in ev'ry kind of trouble,
Upon her she must depend.

Then her confidence she'll capture,
Worm her closest secrets out,
Then upon the very housetops,
Her shortcomings she will shout;
And she rests not from her labors,
'Till her victim prostrate lies
Under such a load of Scandal,
That she never can arise;
Then when she hath wrought this ruin,
Goes serenely on her way,
Thanking God she was created,
Of a more superior clay.

You may sing of gracious woman,
You may toast her at your wine,
You may quote her as an angel,
And a being most divine;
But she must be rather diff'rent,
From the species I have seen,
For of all of God's created,
She's the meanest of the mean.

THE MILLENIUM.

"Well, what's the news?" "What! 'Aint you heard
About the thing that has occured?"
"Well, with surprise 'twill strike you dumb,
The great millenium has come."
"You don't say so?" "Well yes I do."
"It seems so good it can't be true."
"Well, but it is, and I'm so glad,
For I was feeling pretty sad,
For things were getting you'll agree
About as bad as bad could be;
And if they'd kept a going on,
To certain ruin we'd have gone;
But forth from darkness springs the light,
And all our wrongs will be made right.
The women folks who've had no chance,
Because they didn't dress in pants,
And only got one half the pay,
For doing just as much a day,
As any of the men could do,
And sometimes doing better too,
Will stand with them on common ground,
And be on equal footing found;
The manufacturers I learn,
Will pay their workmen what they earn;
And aid them if they are distressed,
And in return by them be blessed;
And merchants swear no more to lies,
To sell to you their merchandise,
And butter, flour and coal they state,
Will all be sold by honest weight;
The rich men will no more abuse
Tax systems, but will pay their dues;
And of their figures swear to facts,
And with the poor share equal tax;
The lawyers will no more advise
A man to do a thing unwise,
And law against each other when
There is no cause of action then;
In lieu of bread give him a stone,
And pick the meat all off the bone,
And claim it for his rightful fee,
For now no lawyers will there be;
For as no man will do a wrong
Their occupation will be gone;
And politicians who have wet
The people's throats their votes to get,

And scattered fivers far and wide,
To get their ballot box supplied ;
Their occupation too must lose,
For now the people's voice will choose
An honest man to lead their cause
And rule their land and make their laws ;
And editors, no more they say
Will hate their rivals o'er the way,
And neither one will now accuse
The other one of stealing news,
Or writing articles unfair,
Nor to false circulation swear ;
And liquor dealers too they think
Will be obliged themselves to drink
The poison stuff they make to sell,
To men to send their souls to hell ;
And I do'nt see no reason why
They in a short time will not die,
And small the loss would be if they did,
If of this curse we might be rid ;
And doctors too no more will charge
You but for time they spend at large,
For you and for the healing drugs
They'll deal to you from their own jugs ;
And you no more to druggists send
An extra fifty cents to spend ;
And womankind no more will vex
Her sister but will love her sex,
And all mankind will prove a friend
Unto each other to the end ;
And genius will with moral worth
Be recognized throughout the earth ;
The ministers they too will preach
Unto the people if they'd reach
Their shining goal, that Heavenly land,
They must be joined in heart and hand,
And throw contentions all aside
With malice and ignoble pride,
And make no odds 'twixt high and low
And no respects to persons show,
But all be joined for common good
In universal brotherhood ;
I thank the Lord that in our night
He's sent this glorious ray of light,
And that I've lived to see it come,
This wonderful Millemum.

IT'S A LONG ROAD THAT HAS NO TURN.

It's a very long road, sir, that hasn't a turn,
And I want you from this thing a lesson to learn,
That the man who from shame you avoid on the street,
You may deem it an honor at sometime to meet.

Do not think that because you are prosp'ring to-day
That the thing is a going right on in this way ;
For who knows but that you ere your time comes to die,
May ask alms of the beggar whom you did deny.

And the man whom to-day you have flonted and jeered,
In the future may be by the millions revered,
And unfit you be deemed, to unfasten the shoes
Of the man you have covered with scorn and abuse.

While the man who is honored and gifted and rich,
His career may wind up at the end in the ditch;
For the great are abased with their pride to the ground,
And the lowly upraised when the wheel turns around.

Then you'll find it is best to be courteous to all,
For the curses you give on your own heads shall fall ;
And oblige you to honor the one you did spurn,
For there's no road so long but it comes te a turn.

THE GOSSIP.

Good morning, Mrs. Smithers,
I thought I'd jest run down
And see if you could help me
A trifle on my gown ;
And seein' you're so busy
I'll jest throw off my hat
And set here in the kitchen
And have a little chat.

You know agin my neighbors
I never say a word,
But I'm a gwine to to tell you
A little thing I heard
Afore I started down here
About that Widder Lee,
Who isn,t tew my thinkin'
Jest what she orter be.

I know she's run and chased here
All summer after Jake,
But I sha'n't spile my story
Jest for relation's sake ;
And when I'm through a tellin'

Some of the things she's done,
I don't believe you'll hanker
To have her for your son.

'Twas Nancy Green that told me,
She said that yesternight
She sat on her piazzer
Afore she lit her light,
And saw a handsome stranger
Stop at the Widder's house,
And so she watched proceedin's
As quiet as a mouse.

The widder's lamp was lighted,
So she could plainly see,
For all her blinds was open,
Jest as they allers be;
And when she saw the stranger,
She run like all possessed,
And let him hug an' kiss her
And hold her to his breast.

They sat down on the sofy
As lovin' as could be,
And Nancy says she saw her
A settin' on his knee;
An' bein' how's for Jacob
She'd be no likely mate,
I thought I'd come and tell you
Afore it was too late.

You thank me very kindly,
But 'twas her brother John,
Who'd come to see his sister
A wedded to your son;
And that's the very reason
You couldn't fix my frock,
Was cause their to be married
Tew night at eight o'clock.

And folks who gad about
To talk about their neighbors,
Had better be at home
Attendin' tew their labors;
And not be quite so anxious
Some trouble for to brew,
I think jest so Mrs. Smithers,
And that you know is true.

I guess I'll be a goin'
Fer it's a gettin' late,

And my, if there aint Nancy,
A comin' through the gate ;
Well I'll go out the back way
Afore she's up the walk,
For I despise a woman,
Who'll of her neighbors talk.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

When you see a person drowning,
Do not stand aloof and shout
Half a dozen sermons at him,
But just go and help him out ;
For he's sinking and he needeth
Manual aid and not advice,
And no good will do your preaching,
Though it be both wise and nice.

For the waters of affliction
Now encompass him around,
And unless you help him quickly,
In a moment he'll be drowned ;
Pull with all your might and main then
Till he's safe upon the land,
Nor desert him 'til he's able
On his feet once more to stand.

"But suppose it is a person
Who is scorned by other men,"
All the greater is the reason
That you should befriend him then ;
For but one against an army
In the fray will quickly fall,
And with all the world against him
He can never rise at all.

Then let duty rule your conduct,
On your footsteps ever wait ;
And whenever there's occasion,
Help the poor unfortunate ;
And if ever you are tempted
To neglect a fallen man,
Please to recollect the story
Of the good Samaritan.

You yourself may meet with trouble,
  Great misfortunes be your own,
Then you'll find when comes the harvest
  You shall reap as you have sown ;
And the measure you have meted
  Shall be meted you again.
So by all the good you hope for,
  Kindly treat your fellow man

INGRATITUDE.

If ever misfortunes against you prevail,
Or slanerous stories your name shall assail;
'Tis strange but 'tis true that the person you've shown
Particular kindness, will cast the first stone.

Yes, he is the first who pretended to feel
The truest of friendship to lift up his heel ;
While he whom we counted our bitterest foe,
The greatest of clemency tow'rds us will show.

And he who was certain that he could depend
In seasons of trouble to find us a friend,
To turn so against us in troublesome times,
Ingratitude maketh the basest of crimes.

Such heartlessness robs us of faith in mankind,
And sometimes we think that no good can we find ;
But such things were common long ages ago,
As stories of Judas Iscariot will show.

Then if of such troubles you've ne'er had a part
Prepare for the blow ere it strikes to your heart,
For the one whose affections you think are your own
Will be the most forward in casting the stone.

PROFESSION NOT POSSESSION.

You think you are a Christian,
  Of that you've not a doubt,
Because you go to meeting
  Each Sunday in and out,
And pay the best attention
  To sermon and to prayer,
And make a fine profession
  And in the communion share.

You're not the only person
  Who think that all they need
To walk right into Heaven,
  Is to adopt the Creed
Of any of the churches,
  Profess, and sing and pray,
And share in the communion
  On Sacramental day.

I guess you don't consider
  The oar of faith is dead,
Without the oar of action
  To send the craft ahead;
And lest you have them both, sir,
  At once at your command,
Your bark will soon be foundered
  On self religion's strand.

For by their works you'll know them,
  The poor apprentice said;
For by their works you'll know them,
  And be they quick or dead;
And if their works are evil
  You'll catch them unawares,
For wheat cannot be gathered
  From sowing seeds of tares.

You think you are a Christian,
  Now let me say a word
Concerning sev'ral actions
  Which lately have occurred;
And one is of the widow
  Who rented rooms of you,
Whose rent through much of sickness
  Was two weeks over due.

And having no wherewithal,
  This small expense to meet,
You turned her and her children
  Out in the stormy street;
Where, from the want of shelter,
  Which you to her denied,
She sickened from exposure,
  And yesterday she died.

Then there was Tommy Allen,
  Who took a loaf of bread
To give his crippled father

From hunger nearly dead ;
Who, when he plead for mercy
To you without avail,
You thought to teach a lesson,
And had him sent to jail.

Then there was Charlie Summers,
A bright and likely lad,
Who, through associations,
Was going to the bad ;
And you who might have helped him
And raised him up a niche,
With bitter tauntings sent him
Still lower in the ditch.

Then there are sundry stories
About dishonest weight
Of articles you're selling,
Which here I'll not relate ;
And if that you're a Christian,
You're bounden to believe ;
I think it must be Satan
Who does your soul decieve.

For by their works you'll know them,
The poor apprentice said ;
For by their works you'll know them,
And be they quick or dead ;
And just because a person
Of religion makes profession,
It doesn't always follow
That he has it in possession.

KNOCK HIM DOWN AND KICK HIM FOR FALLING

Oh the meanness of this world,
It really is appalling,
To strike a man and knock him down,
And kick him then for falling ;
And if he strives to make a rise
And we be the regarder,
We turn around and go right back
And kick him all the harder.

The greater wrong we've done a man,
The more we try to hurt him ;
And when we've got him in the hole

We cruelly desert him;
And if through us he's done a wrong
We twit him of his evil,
And try the very best we know
To drive him to the devil.

But if he scorns us and our works,
And boldly bids defiance,
And goes to work to be a man
With sturdy selfreliance;
There's nothing hurts our little minds
So bad in all creation,
And if we could we'd doom him to
Complete annihilation.

But as we can't do all we can
To bring about his ruin,
And go around among his friends
And set a trouble brewing;
And when we hear on every hand
Him wickedly berated,
Our little grovling spirits are
Exceedingly elated.

And when he's driven to the wall,
Which is the more the pity,
We feel more satisfaction far
Than if we'd took a city;
And when we've got him in the mud,
We goad him and we prick him,
And if he strives to rise again
Unmercifully kick him;
For oh the meanness of this world,
It really is appalling,
To strike a man and knock him down
And kick him then for falling.

THE DEAD BABY.

Lovely little waxen baby,
Lying there so still and cold,
Fairer than the snowy blossoms
Which thy tiny hands doth hold,
Sweeter than the fragrant incense
Which the flowers around thee shed;
Does thy spirit dwell in Heaven
While thy body lies here dead?

Were the angels waiting for you
When in death you closed your eyes?
Did they bear you with them swiftly
To their home beyond the skies?
Did they lay you softly, gently,
On the waiting Saviour's breast,
Giving you a joyful welcome
To the city of the blest?

But my questions thou'lt not answer,
For those lips shall never speak,
Nor the dimples chase each other
O'er thy lovely rounded cheek;
Stilled those restless hands forever,
Closed in death those starry eyes;
But I know thy spirit, beauty,
Lives again in Paradise.

Lovely little waxen baby
Lying there so cold and still,
Thou art free from earthly trouble,
Ev'ry woe and ev'ry ill,
Like a bud too sweet to blossom
In a world so drear and cold,
Thou hast left this earth for Heaven,
There thy beauties to unfold.

DOUBTINGS.

Perhaps you'll go right straight along
And do your neighbor all the wrong
It lies within your power to do,
And still be judged as good and true;
But then I rather doubt it.

Perhaps you'll keep up all your days,
Your sneaking, underhanded ways,
And Justice's voice be ever dumb,
And Retribution never come;
But then I rather doubt it.

Perhaps the curses you have thrown
On other heads shall bruise your own,
And lay the edifices low
Built on another's overthrow,
However much you doubt it.

Perhaps the mills of fate grind slow,
But then they surely grind you know,
And when your soul feels no alarm
You'll feel the weight of Justice's arm
Before you've time to doubt it.

LINES ON PARNELL.

Oh thou man of great pretensions,
Unto what divine ascensions
Thy endeavors might have reached?
Had not thine own wicked actions,
Caused by strife nor party factions,
In the end thyself impeached.

Parnell, thou idol once enshrined,
In ev'ry patriotic mind,
Thy glorious sway, alas, is o'er,
Thou'rt fallen now to rise no more;
And woe betide the evil day
Thou proved thyself but common clay.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEBODY.

Whatever you do and wherever you go,
Somebody will make it their business you know,
And though to please all you sincerely should try,
There's always somebody you can't satisfy.

There's always somebody a looking for flaws,
And gazing to see if propriety's laws
You don't overstep as you go on your way,
And hope and desire in their hearts that you may.

For nothing's so sweet to a mean little mind
As morsels of scandal, which if they can find,
(And hunt they will for it on flimsiest grounds),
Their joy at discovery knoweth no bounds.

They'll turn it, and twist it, and pat it, and roll,
And tell it to every identical soul
That they meet, be it said to their shame and disgrace,
And how such a person can honest folks face;

I'm sure I can't tell, but then people who're mean
Are always a looking through spectacles green,
And think if to you they've another's faults shown
You'll be a forgetting to look at their own.

MR JONES' DECISION

I've pondered on the subject
  And have made up my mind
That friends who're true and faithful
  Are scarce and hard to find ;
And though I've been a trav'ling
  This forty years or more,
And thought of true companions
  I had at least a score ;
I found when trouble met me
  They'd leave me on a run,
And when a friend I needed,
  I wouldn't have a one.

You know there's lots of people
  Whose hearts seem like to burst,
They hold so much affection
  For you, but who're the first,
When trouble comes a calling,
  To make the greatest speed
To get away and leave you
  Afore their help you need.

You've heard about the rabbit
  Who had a hundred friends
As long as she could pander
  Unto their selfish ends ;
But when their aid she needed
  To help to bear her through,
A life and death concernment,
  They'd something else to do.

And so I've allers fouud it ;
  The more that I would do
To help along my neighbors
  The more they'd want me to ;
And when I'd done one favor,
  Another they would ask,
And found when ,twas accomplished,
  'Twas all a thankless task.

They'd claim that they were anxious
To help me get along,
But when I asked assistance
They sung a different song;
And said that all my trouble
Was caused by my neglect
Of things I might have seen to,
And I must not expect
That they could bear my burdens,
While I sat at my ease;
And this is all I got from
The ones I'd tried to please.

And so I have concluded
To independent be,
And pay no more attention
To them as don't to me.
And if upon my travels
I have the luck to fall,
'Twill not be on relations
Or friends that I shall call;
But unto perfect strangers
For succor I shall go,
For I shall be more certain
To find it there I know.

I'll do as I am done by
By either foe or friend,
And go upon my journey
Alone unto the end;
And with consideration
I'll treat myself I'd mention,
And deal no more in friendship,
That's nothing but pretension,
And all dissolves to nothing,
Jest like an empty bubble,
As soon's it comes in contact
With any kind of trouble.

JEALOUSY.

Oh, we jealous minded women,
How it does our spirits vex,
When we hear a man applauding
Any other of our sex;
For we cannot bear that any
Should be noticed more than we;

And we wish our fairer rival
At the bottom of the sea.

She may be of all the women,
Just the one we've loved the most;
And the one we most admired too,
And have e'en been known to boast
Of her wonderful attractions;
But when men begin to sing
Of her beauty and her graces,
It is quite another thing.

Then the evil passion Envy,
Ever dwelling in our hearts,
With the deadly bow of Slander,
Shoots a thousand poison darts;
At our unsuspecting sister,
And nor night nor day rest we,
Til we've sunk her reputation,
To the bottom of the sea.

Why this evil disposition?
Why this tendency to hate
Her whom we should love sincerely
Is a myst'ry very great
And impossible to fathom;
But this thing I know full well,
That the fountains of such spirits
Have their sources deep in hell.

SHAM AND DECEIT.

I'm sick and tired of this deceit
And sham which everywhere I meet,
And if you care with me to go,
Some of those shams to you I'll show;
And if you've time now for the same
Come on with me behind this dame,
Who's going up the street to call,
Whom we will follow in the hall
And there by keeping very still
Hear all that's going on we will.
Note how the hostess comes to meet
The dame with pats and kisses sweet;
For she's so glad that she has come,
And that she chanced to be at home;
For really since she saw her last,
It seems as though an age had passed;

"And so this is your baby here,
Oh what a darling little dear,
For children I'm completely wild,
And this is just the sweetest child
That ever drew a living breath
And I shall love him just to death;"
And so her tongue runs on this wise
Until the lady doth arise
To take her leave, "and must you go?
I am so sorry it is so,
But come again as soon's you can
And bring this darling little man."
Then when the dame has left the place
Behind her back makes up a face,
And says she hopes the nasty cat
Will never bring that horrid brat,
Who has the most detestful ways

She ever saw in all her days
Inside of her four walls again.
Then to the waiting door maid: "Jane,
If here again she e'er should come
You tell her that I'm not at home."
While she, the one who made the call,
A horrid nuisance, notes it all,
For she, that woman at her best
Does unreservedly detest;
And all she went there for I wot
Was just to see what she had got;
And as to that she having learned
She hopes her call wont be returned.
Oh Women, you who seem so sweet
Are nothing but a vile deceit.

Here stands a man upon the street
Who seems the gentleman complete,
"A perfect creature, nobly planned
To love, to honor, and command;"
A princely form, a kingly mind,
Here certainly no sham we'll find;
Now cast your eye along the street
Where comes a woman fair and sweet,
With perfect form and lovely face
And every movement full of grace;
He tips his hat with bow polite,
And ere she's scarcely out of sight,
He turns to friends a standing near
With knowing smile and scornful sneer;
And in the space of twice three winks

Her character to zero sinks.
Where now's a man's vaunted noble mind?
It's all a perfect sham you'll find.

Here comes a man who wants a wife
To walk with him the path of life,
So he selects the queen of girls
With rosy cheeks and teeth like pearls,
And such a form, it to his eye
No pigeon could in plumpness vie;
And when at last she is a bride,
And he alone is by her side,
And she begins to doff her fads,
Her dress, and stays, and several pads,
Removes her teeth, wipes off the paint,
He feels as though he'd surely faint;
And when he sees that pack of bones,
He mourns with inward sighs and groans
And wonders what's the reason why,
They say that figures will not lie,
For surely her's, so plump and neat,
Is nothing but a rank deceit.

Here comes two people who are friends,
And so will be until the ends,
They have in view they shall have gained;
Then when their object is attained,
Like an old shoe that's thrown aside,
They'll merely let each other slide,
Which proves the fact of which I am,
Most certain, friendship's but a sham.

Here goes a man and wife to call,
We'll follow them, too, in the hall,
And there by keeping strictly whist
Their conversation we may list,
And peeking through the keyhole, note
How they upon each other dote,
And speak in most endearing terms
Unto each other, which affirms
The true affection of their lives;
"She is the darlingest of wives;"
He says so all the crowd may hear,
And calls her Angel, Love, and Dear,
While she his notice doth return,
And for his presence seems to yearn,
And answers him with loving words,
And there they coo and bill like birds;
While all the crowd looks and admires,
Nor of such true affection tires,

For never saw they like to this,
Such perfect love and wedded bliss.
Now if you have a mind to roam,
Will follow them towards their home.
And ere they get one-half way there,
He at his Love begins to swear ;
Whilst in a perfect rage she gets,
And then the vilest epithets
They heap upon each other's heads ;
Then hie them home to sep'rate beds,
And like enough they will not speak
Unto each other for a week.
Now where's the sweets of wedded bliss?
They're all a perfect sham like this.

Here comes a man with visage meek,
Whose black attire is very sleek,
His air and clothing spick and span
Do both bespeak the clergyman ;
Let's follow to his journey's end
Where he will call upon a friend,
Whose husband is away from home,
And so will be for hours to come ;
They talk about the weather first,
Then of the sins by which we're cursed ,
And of Religion's lofty power
To quell those ills, and ere the hour
Has to the shades three quarters flown,
His arm around her waist is thrown,
And on her lips he leaves a kiss ;
And if this is Religion, this
Concerning which he'll preach and prate,
I've all I care for on my plate ;
And ministers, else I'm a liar,
Are mostly wolves in sheep's attire ;
Or what's as bad, have cloven feet
To make Religion a deceit.

Here is a mansion grand and fine,
With workmanship of rare design ;
Let us go in and look around
And see what shams may here be found ;
Come in the parlor through the hall,
And note the hangings on the wall,
The fine piano rich and grand,
The elegant and costly stand,
The bric-a-brac a priceless store,
And velvet carpets on the floor ;
Now here you think you nothing find

To prove the thing I have in mind ;
But now my friend just come with me,
And we shall see what we shall see ;
Here is the kitchen cold and bare
With but a table, stove and chair ;
Where when from calling she comes back
The mistress doffs her seal skin sacque,
And sits her down in robes of silk,
And eats her tea of bread and milk ;
And then her spouse in rich attire
Comes in and sits without a fire,
And makes his meal of milk and bread,
And then they both go off to bed ;
Now note those garments 'neath their dress,
They're in a state of wretchedness,
And nothing more than flimsy rags,
With patches here and there some tags ;
And will you glance toward those hose,
They're minus both their heels and toes ;
But this don't worry them I ween
For they but care for what is seen,
And willingly would live on dust
To be considered upper crust ;
And I'm convinced, well yes I am,
That Aristocracy's a sham.

But now my friend I must go home
For I this time no more can roam,
But shams you see do much abound
And may in every place be found,
For you yourself cant help but own
That these are perfect which I've shown,
And when my busy season's o'er
Just call around and see some more.

Oh for a dovelet's wings to fly,
Where I in peace might live and die,
Nor once upon my journey meet
With either sham or vile deceit.

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

You should never judge a person by the clothing that he wears,
For you'll often find the raiment of a sheep on wolves and bears,
And a snowy looking surplice hides a bosom foul with sin
So who judges by appearance will get sadly taken in.

You will find the finest diamonds on the biggest kind of rogues,
And the slickest looking coats, too, on the meanest sort of dogs,
And the lowest kind of people wear the richest kind of clothes,
And the noblest minded person oft' in tattered garments goes.

You will find the gayest kind of plumage growing on a songless bird,
And the plainest feathered songster makes the sweetest music heard ;
And the finest of bananas lie the blackest rind within ;
And the sweetest kind of orange has the roughest kind of skin.

Oft' the man who looks the sprucest and is always dressed to kill,
Owes the barber, and the tailor, and the washerwoman's bill ;
While the man whose coat is shabby has a pocket full of tin ;
So who judges by appearance will get sadly taken in.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

You may bow to wealth and station,
But I never could nor can,
For I'll only own allegiance
Unto nature's nobleman ;
He who towers above his fellows
By his great and lofty mind,
And by nature was created
As a king among mankind.

He may be both poor and lowly,
Clad in tatters and in tags,
But I love and honor genius,
Though it be arrayed in rags ;
And the noblest minded person
That this world has ever seen,
Had no place of habitation,
And his clothes were poor and mean.

'Tis not clothes that makes the person,
Nor degree, nor yet estate,
But a noble mind, God given,
Is what makes one truly great ;

And I with the ancient preacher
Inconsistencies have seen,
Servants riding upon horses,
Kings performing service mean.

Merit oft' goes unrewarded,
As of course it always will,
And though crushed by foul injustice,
Yet the virtue is there still;
And the dormant germs of genius,
Although chilled by cold neglect,
Often blossom into splendor,
When the thing we least expect.

But to come back to my subject,
He must noble be and just,
Nor perform an act dishonest,
Nor betray the simplest trust,
Square and honest in his actions
To the very slightest thing;
Such must be the man I'll honor,
As he stands an uncrowned king.

Then ye simple minded people
Bowing to an empty name
Or the gods of pomp and mammon,
You are welcome to the same;
Bot I with you will not worship,
For I never could nor can;
But I'll swear eternal homage
Unto nature's nobleman.

THE CUP OF LOVE.

Oh drink my soul of blisses,
Drink deeply while you may,
Of joy, and love, and kisses,
While yet it is to-day;
Oh drain this cup of pleasures,
This draught of nectar quaff,
For soon life's fullest treasures
Will turn to empty chaff;
And when shall come the morrow
And changes on us call,
Our joy shall turn to sorrow,
To wormwood and to gall;
For blossoms that are fairest,
The sweetest, and the rarest,

The soonest fade and fall.

For love, the sweetest treasure
By God to mankind given,
At morn may prove a pleasure,
A bitterness at even';
And in the fairest blossoms
There lurks a drop of bane;
So love within our bosoms
May leave a deathless pain;
Then while the spirit's o'er us
Let's quaff this draft divine,
This cup of love before us,
Though it be poisoned wine;
Then drink my soul of blisses,
Drink deeply while you may,
Of joy, and love, and kisses
While yet it is to-day;
For blossoms that are fairest,
The sweetest, and the rarest,
The soonest fade away.

Insult not the fallen, of that have a care,
Enough of life's burdens already they bear;
And guilty and evil the heart that can add
A pang to the spirit already so sad.

As a flower that's crushed and trampled
Sends the sweetest fragrance forth,
So the soul must taste of sorrow,
Ere 'twill prove its finest worth.

THE WAY IT GOES.

Upon the roost in Biddyville a little pullet sat,
A spot upon her breast did itch and so she picked at that,
A feather loosened by the act went fluttering below,
"Oh dear," says she, "the more I pick the handsomer I grow."

She tucked her head beneath her wing and soon was fast asleep;
But not so with another hen, who did a virgil keep,
Until the hens were all asleep that sat upon the roost,
So she, if anything occurred, of knowing it could boast.

She nudged her neighbor in the side and whispered in her ear ;
"You know that little Downy Breast, who sits beyond us here,
I heard her stir and watched her pick three feathers from her breast,
So that the Chanticleer would think her fairer than the rest."
"Well is that so? I always thought she was a forward thing;"
And with these words she turned and hit her neighbor on the wing,
And told her that Miss Downy Breast had plucked out feathers five,
For love of Mr. Chanticleer who hated her alive.
She, in her turn, her neighbor told, who sent the tale along,
And each a quill or two to add seemed not to think wrong ;
And when it reached to Turkeytown, the tale you'd not have known,
It had, from adding here and there, to such proportions grown.
To gain the admiration of the Cock in Biddyville
Three lovelorn pullets from their forms had plucked out ev'ry quill ;
So it was told and nearly dead they were from freezing weather ;
So thus three unfledged fowls had grown from one poor little feather.

THE POOR WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE AT CHURCH

I thought I heard a knocking
And did too for a fact ;
You thought you'd stop and leave me
A nice religious tract,
Which tells us of that creature,
The father of all lies,
And how we may discern him
In whatsoever guise.

See here, aint you the woman
Who asked me down to church,
And when you there had got me
Just left me in the lurch ?
You really don't remember,
Well if you don't I do,
And I'll refresh your mem'ry
By facts I'll state to you.

'Twas in the month of August
You called in here to see
If I had got a Bible;
And then you questioned me
About my soul's condition
And if I went to church,
For Satan, if I didn't,
Would get me in the lurch.

I said I had no clothing
To wear to such a place,
And there you sat and told me
With that decietful face
They wouldn't mind my garments,
And want the soul's repose
Ten times more consequential
Than all the finest clothes;
And if I'd go to meeting
To hear about the Lord,
My soul will surely find there
A Heavenly reward.

And so on Sunday morning,
It was the very next,
I dressed and went to meeting
So as to hear the text.
I know my clothes were rather
Of antiquated style,
And when the church I entered
The folks began to smile.

This set me in a fluster,
As well I recollect,
For such a smiling greeting
I didn't quite expect,
And when the smiling broadened
Into a perfect grin.
And someone tittered outright
I wished I'd not gone in.

But then thinks I encouraged,
I shall a welcome find
When once that lady sees me
Who was so good and kind;
And sure enough the sexton
Then seated me by you,
And you with bearing scornful,
Away from me withdrew,
And from my hand extended
You turned in cold disdain,

Nor ventured through the service
To look at me again.

And as I sat beside you,
Amid the people's sneers,
I own that I could scarcely
Keep back the scalding tears.
For no one else pretended
With me to sympathize,
And I had been encouraged
By your deceitful lies
To go down there to meeting
In that old hat and frock,
And now that I had got there
Was made a laughing stock.
And when the congregation
Their ridicule had shown,
You left me in my trouble
To fight it out alone.

I didn't hear the sermon
Nor anything 'twas said,
For all at once my feelings
Seemed withered up and dead;
But all the while I wondered,
As there I sat by you,
If Jesus had have been there
If He'd have scorned me too.

Oh but I had a thinking,
As there I sat that day,
The which if I should tell you
Would take your breath away.
But as it is all over
We'll let the matter drop,
But you no more need trouble
Yourself with me to stop.

But there's a certain subject
Of which I'd like to tell,
(For though I know but little,
I know that little well,)
A fact that's true as preaching,
Then be it understood
The churches of the present
Do more of harm than good.

For with their pride and fashion
They scorn upon the whole,
The thing to God most precious

A humble person's soul,
And if we go to worship
They ridicule and laugh
And feed our starving spirits
With empty husks and chaff.
And I have no more uses
For churches, goodness knows,
Who only care for people
Who dress in splendid clothes.

And if your tracks there tell you
How you may know that elf,
Most commonly called satan,
Just keep them for yourself.
But no, you two may leave me,
Then go and come no more,
And I prefer the kind that
Leave heels toward the door.

THE DEAD GARDEN OF THE HEART.

Oh the founts of my heart are as waters of Marah,
And unfruitful its soil as the sands of Sahara,
And all faded and dead in the bloom of its verdure,
For the moisture is gall which its gardens did nurture.

Dry and dead in its bloom lies Love's beautiful blossom,
Which an Eden-like garden did make of my bosom,
And I mourn o'er the flower that decayed in its beauty,
Though my spirit it lured from the pathway of duty.

Also Friendship's bright flower with its beautiful mission,
Lieth withered and dead, killed by doubt and suspicion,
And I silently weep in my woe, broken hearted,
For the blossom of Friendship forever departed.

While the fair flower of Hope, which in glorious beauty,
Shed a radiance bright round the dark path of Duty,
With the sweet bud of Faith which my spirit did cherish,
Were the last of the flowers of my bosom to perish.

And I bitterly mourn in the depths of my sorrow,
For the flowers of my soul which bloom not on the morrow,
For the founts of my heart are as waters of Marah,
And unfruitful its soil as the sands of Sahara.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD

Unto you ye winsome maidens
Are the songs I sing to-day,
Songs of warning and entreaty,
Lest your feet are led astray
By the ever watchful tempter
Who is seeking ev'ry hour,
Like a grim and famished monster
For the prey he may devour.

You will find him in the lover,
In the man whom you adore,
Who professes that he loves you
In his very bosoms core,
But although he this professes
It is not Love's holy flame,
That could doom a guiless spirit
To a never ending shame.

He to gain his selfish object
Lauds your graces to the skies,
While your too confiding nature
In his heart he doth despise,
And when won he'll cast you from him
Like a flower that's lost its bloom,
And you'll henceforth walk in shadows
Worse than shadows of the tomb.

Maidens listen not the pleadings,
Though you love with hearts of flame,
Of the man who'd cast a shadow
O'er the luster of your fame,
And you'll join in years to follow
In this song with one accord,
And no words were ever truer
Virtue is its own reward.

IS THERE A HELL?

Some people doubt that there's a hell,
That is they claim they do,
But in my soul I hope there is
Even though I go there too,
For where'll the prosp'rous evil man,
Whom wealth and power begirts,
If there's no future punishment,
Receive his just deserts.

The man who robs his fellowman
Of character and wealth,
And e'en his wife's affections steals
Through vilest kinds of stealth ;
And whom you'd surely deem a saint,
To hear him sing and pray,
As his Religion he parades
Upon the Sabbath day.

He walks into the house of God
With sanctimonious air,
And listens with a saintly grace
Unto the text and prayer,
And in the minister's Amen
He joins in tones devout,
While in these hymns his pious voice
In heartfelt notes rings out.

"To aid the widow in distress,
This day oh Lord I vow,"
He sings and thinks how Monday morn
He'll go and get that cow
That Widow Murray bought last May
And of its cost paid half,
And as the rest is overdue
He'll take with it its calf.

"To do as I would be done by
Oh Jesus teach me how,"
And of that man who wants that loan
He sits and ponders now,
And as the cash he's got to have
What usury to charge,
Nor deems the sum of ten per cent
To be a cent too large.

"Teach me to feel another's woe
To hide the faults I see,"
And thinks he'll tell the minister
About that Charlie Lee,
Who, as he walked out with a friend,
Not knowing he was near,
Went with that friend to a saloon
And got a drink of beer.

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me,"
He sings and ponders in his mind
And hopes it cannot be
That anyone will lend Brown funds
To pay that debt he owes,

And if they don't, on Tuesday noon
His mortgage he'll foreclose.

And then he lists with air devout
The Benedictive prayer,
And flies to an adjoining street
And joins his siren there,
And scorns the pleadings of the maid
He meets upon the way,
Who, while she in his service was,
He vilely did betray.

"That's pretty stuff to put in print,"
I hear somebody say,
But is it worse to write it up
Than 'tis to act it, pray?
And you angelic creatures who
With fury flap your wings,
Are very liable to be
The ones who do these things.

You know they say the truth cuts hard,
And that is what I tell,
And for such hypocrites as this
I hope there is a hell;
A good old fashioned hell, where those
Who claim to love the Lord,
But serve the Devil in their hearts
May find their just reward.

And though you think I say too much
About Licentious loves,
It's high time that this subject should
Be handled without gloves,
But whatsoe'er you think or say
I'm sure I'll try to bear it,
And whosoe'er the coat may fit
May put it on and wear it.

SILLY WOMEN.

Oh you silly minded women,
Caring but for dress and show,
Daubing on your paint and powder,
Ere you on the war path go;
Striving to attract attention
From the gentlemen you meet,
Making mashes, as you call it,
On the rowdies of the street;

Sneering at your wiser sisters
Who refuse with you to roam,
You will wish ere this has ended
You like they had stayed at home.
Though you deem 'tis admiration
That these people feel for you,
You would soon change your opinion
If the truth of it you knew,
And could you but hear the speeches
Intermixed with slurs and sneers
That they make to friends about you,
How your smiles would change to tears.
And although you deem she's slighted
Whom such people notice least,
Know you not that buzzards gather
Where they're surest of a feast?
And when through your silly conduct
You have won a tarnished name,
You will have this consolation,
There's none but yourselves to blame.

NO GOOD ON EARTH.

The man who's always borrowing
But never wants to lend;
Who will abuse behind his back
His very truest friend;
Who with the rowdies loiters on
The corner of the street;
Who always will accept a drink
But never offers treat;
Who dawdles all his time away
Upon the thoroughfare,
Insulting half the women folks
Who have to meet him there;
Who could be bought for just a cent,
(A cent more than he's worth);
This is the man of whom I sing,
He is no good on earth.

The woman who about her work
Is slovenly and slack;
Who takes all that her husband earns
And puts it on her back;
Who while her kitchen work's undone
From house to house doth gad,

Proclaiming that all womenkind
Except herself are bad;
Who always seems to want to be
The first to cast the stone;
Who while condemning others faults
Forgets about her own;
Who when her little soul was born
A cipher had its birth;
This woman 'tis of whom I sing,
She is no good on earth.

Stand forth! You prisoner at the bar,
Now have you aught to say.
Why you for taking forcibly
This person's gold away
Should not this day be sentenced to
The penitentiary?

I have. You'll find within that book
That lies there on the shelf
A good sufficient reason why
I from him took his pelf,
And 'twas because it says the Lord
Helps him who helps himself.

THE DRUNKARD'S SONG

I'm a jolly chap and frisky,
Very fond of drinking whiskey,
But you know that I suppose,
By my clothes so old and tattered,
And my hat so rough and battered,
And the blossoms on my nose.

I have neither shirt nor collar,
Drunk I get on every dollar,
Or I should say every cent,
Then I wallow in the ditches,
Badly soiling coat and breeches,
Until I to jail am sent.

Once I had a wife and baby
Just as nice as yours is, maybe,
But I went upon a drunk
And came home and took the poker,
Knocked her down and tried to choke her
And I guess it raised her spunk

For she went away next morning
Thout a single word of warning,
And I've never seen her since,
So I drink, hiccough, and stutter
And go sprawling in the gutter,
Just as happy as a prince.

Sometimes after drunken revels,
Snakes I see and little devils,
And they clamber round my bed,
Then the way I howl and bellow
Is enough to scare a fellow
Eanamost out of his head.

Then come on, you drinking devil,
Soon with me you'll find your level,
Come ahead and take a drink,
But if we don't soon prohibit,
In the jail or on the gibbet
We shall end our lives I think.

THE MOST IMPORTANT TOPIC

I cannot help but notice
When I take up the papers,
The place of honor they devote
To pugilistic capers,
Of half a dozen ruffian brutes,
Who pound and maul each other
Until it is impossible
To tell the which from t'other.

This all absorbing topic fills
Its most important pages,
As it describes how Jack and Tom
Each other mauled for wages,
Whilst the inferior themes of state,
Like little Jacky Horner
With Sammy's rights and Ireland's wrongs
Are stuck off in the corner.

The paper dwells upon the scene
And plants in pictures glowing
Their attitudes within the pit,
Their every movement showing,
And raves about their brawn, (not brain)
Their actions and reposes,
And how they cracked each other's ribs
And broke each other's noses.

It tells how Thomas Knock-em-Down's
Opponent rushed forth at him,
Expecting on the very spot
To wonderfully bat him,
But Thomas, his aggressor's blow
Now parried discreetly,
And at the tenth or 'leventh round
He knocked him out completely.

And thus the paper goes along
The combatatants applauding,
And of the one who won the fight
It speaks in language lauding,
And I myself can't help but own
'Tis very elevating,
A thirst for all that's great and good
Within the soul creating.

But when some people whom we know
Get in a scrimmage drunken,
We think that when they've come to blows
It's very low they've sunken
But then it makes some difierence
In fighting I'll go bail
If men ten thousand dollars win
Or sixty days in jail.

DARK.

They mixed them up the black and white
To judge which one was nearest right,
And what do you think? The blackest sheep
Came out at the head and top of the heap.

THE CHANGE.

Dear girls, there's been an awful change
Since John and I were married,
And could I have that change forseen
I longer would have tarried,
Nor would have been in such a haste
To leave that land of blisses,
Where life was but one round of love
And sweet delicious kisses;
But now, alas, no kiss I get,
That nonsense all is over,

For when I did a husband win
I lost my darling lover.

He used to call me ere we'd wed
His little pigeon Hattie
Because I was so very plump,
But now he calls me Fatty;
And then he raved in glowing terms
About my auburn tresses,
And wore a lock next to his heart
With pieces of my dresses,
But I no more am auburn haired,
I simply am redheaded,
It's color's taken such a change
Since John and I were wedded.

You know he used to come to tea
When he and I were courting,
And then he used to say to me,
Without a thought of sporting,
The biscuits that I used to make
When we took tea together,
Were nice enough for Angel's food
And lighter than a feather;
But now when I such biscuits make
(With woe I write these pages)
Instead of feath'ry angel food
He calls them rocks of ages.

He used to tell his pigeon then
Before he'd really caught her,
She'd never be obliged to put
Her hands into cold water;
But when I spoke of it to-day,
With sorrow I repeat it,
He said he didn't s'pose I'd be
Too lazy for to heat it;
And that is just the way it goes
Dear girls the wide world over,
The minute you a husband win
You'll surely lose your lover.

Man and wife met in a dark hallway,
And they hugged and kissed each other,
For he thought it was her sister
And she thouhht it was his brother.
'Found out their mistake of course
Now are suing for divorce.

HOW I'D HAVE HER BE.

I wish I had a charming wife
To walk with me the path of life,
Who how to please me e're would con,
And keep my buttons all sewed on.

I'd have her when the sun should rise
To open wide her tender eyes,
And give me their first loving glance,
And hem the bottoms of my pants.

A model wife I'd have her be,
From gossip and backbiting free,
To ease my pains and heal my hurts,
And patch up my old undershirts.

I would prefer with her to stay,
But when that I must be away
I'd have her heed my fond requests,
And set new backs in my old vests.

Her greatest happiness should be,
To seat herself and sew for me
Until her eyes burst from their sockets,
But what she'd mended keep my pockets.

Thus she should be a charming wife
Who happier would make my life,
For well I know she'd on me dote
And fix the lining of my coat.

And like a pair of turtle doves
We'd feast and thrive upon our loves.
For I would bill and she could coo
And keep my stockings darned up too.

THE DUDE.

A hat, coat, vest and a pair of pants,
And the figure they contain,
A pair of shoes and a fly necktie,
And a great big headed cane,
And if thatI should go to the pains,
To find which head contained the most brains
The head of the dude or the head of the cane
I think that my efforts would all be in vain.

WHICH WAS WORST?

It was at an evening party
  Where the people had conversed
Of the ravages of sparrows
  And of worms and which was worst?

Miss DeSmith sat next her suitor
  Who the conversation lost,
As a book of fine engravings
  His attention had engrossed.

She not knowing that the fellow
  Had not heard a single word,
Of the conversation asked him
  Which he thought worst, worm or bird?

Are sparrows then as bad as worms?
  "What think you Mr. Barrows?"
"I cannot tell" he said surprised,
  "I never have had sparrows."

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

If ever you are tempted
  To go beyond your means,
And buy a suit of broadcloth
  When you should purchase jeans,
Or buy a useless object
  Because it is so cheap,
You'd better take my counsel
  And look before you leap.

If ever you are tempted
  To cut a brilliant dash,
And like a dazzling comet
  All end up in a flash;
You'll find 'twas injudicious
  To fly where you should creep
And break your neck in falling,
  So look before you leap.

Young fellows, if you're tempted
  When flushed a deal with wine,
Because a creature waltzes
  So awfully divine
To pop the question to her,
  Go home and go to sleep,

And sober up a little,
And look before you leap

Remember girls, when tempted
To wed a sporting man,
Because he's gay and handsome,
Instead of honest Dan,
Who'll make the truest husband
A lifetime you may weep
For just a moment's folly,
So look before you leap.

In whatsoever business
In life you may embark,
You'll save your soul from trouble
If unto me you'll hark,
Nor go it at a gallop
Where you should only creep,
And keep your eyes wide open
And look before you leap.

MR. JONES AND THE ROCKING CHAIR

Home from the club came Mr. Jones,
And with a silent step
He entered his domicile,
And up the stairs he crept.

Now Mrs. Jones, with great forethought,
Had placed the rocking chair
For Mr. Jones to stumble o'er
When he came up the stair.

For though he said 'twas only ten
When he got home club night,
She thought if he had said 'twas one
He'd hit it nearer right.

Jones' mind was full of funny things
That happened at the club,
When all at once against the chair
He chanced his toe to stub.

The chair rocked back and hit his chin,
And made him bite his tongue
As down he stooped to pet his toe
And then the fight begun.

Jones pitched into that rocking chair
That rocking chair at him,

And from the first I will admit
Jones' chance was pretty slim.

He hit it squarely in the back,
It made a forward plunge,
And with its rockers sharp from behind
It gave his chest a lunge.

He kicked at it with all his might,
But that kick cost him woe,
It barked the skin from off his shin,
The nail from off his toe.

Then if a man was ever mad
That man was Mr. Jones,
As round about that chair he pranced
With smothered swears and groans.

Now if he'd given up the fight
And left the chair alone,
And bathed his wounds with arnica,
He wisdom would have shown.

But no that chair should never think
It got the best of him,
So headlong at the pesky thing
He rushed with all his vim.

Oh dear me suz, he went so fast
He sprawled across the chair,
And with a most tremendous din
They tumbled down the stair.

Sometimes the chair was on the top
And sometimes Mr. Jones,
The chair its back and rockers broke,
And he most of his bones.

Then Mrs. Jones with injured air
Asked what that racket meant,
(Though she had placed that rocking chair
With villainous intent.)

But Mr. Jones the point now saw,
Or thought he saw the fun,
When from the sitting room the clock
Chimed out the hour—'twas one.

He answered not a single word,
But picked up his remains
And silently crept up to bed
To nurse his aches and pains.

Now not a word said Mrs. Jones
Concerning what had been,
But Mr. Jones from that night on
Arrived at home at ten.

LEATHER BREECHES

Come sit you down beside me
And listen while I tell
A circumstance peculiar,
Which unto me befell
When I was but a stripling
Upon my father's farm
Which filled my soul with horror
And terrible alarm.

Full well do I remember,
'Twas on an autumn day
And I to Uncle Nathan's
Had started on my way
To do my father's errand
And have him come at morn,
And bring his yoke of oxen
To help us draw our corn.

I had on leather breeches
Through which a hole had worn
Upon the seat which mother
Had patched, but I had torn
It loose somehow or other,
And now to make it right
I stuffed it in the opening
And hid it out of sight.

I went along quite nicely
Until I did commence
To stone the little chipmunks
That played around the fence,
And then I found some chestnuts
A lying on the ground,
And when of these I gathered,
A hare I chased around.
And so the time I wasted
In idleness and play,
Until I should have been there
And on my homeward way,
When all at once my feelings
Experienced quite a shock,

For when from home I started
'Twas only three o'clock

And now from indications,
As sure as I'm alive,
And it's the truth I'm telling,
It was as late as five,
And as I was a coward
I started on a run
And reached my Uncle Nathan's
At setting of the sun.

I quickly did my errand
And hied me from the spot,
And started for my fathers
Upon a lively trot,
For as it now was twilight
And dark 'twould be at six,
And I'd two miles to travel
I had to pick up sticks

I've said I was a coward
And 'twas the truth I told,
For certainly beside me
A hare was overbold,
And when up close behind me
I heard a fearful sound
My feet, I went so swiftly,
Did scarcely touch the ground.

For terror lent me fleetness
And on I went like wind,
That horrifying creature
Still coming on behind.

I dared not look behind me
For fear of what I'd see,
For all the while the monster
Kept right up close to me,
And when I tried to leave it
I couldn't make it do,
For when I went the faster
That went the faster too.

The moon looked down in horror,
The stars in pity stared,
And I meanwhile a getting
Still worse and worser scared.

Into infernal spirits
Seemed changed the stubs and posts

And little shrubs and bushes
All seemed turned into ghosts.

Rap, rap, on came the creature
And I flew on before
Chased by the fearful monster
Along the road I tore,
When all at once before me
A welcome light did beam,
And for the glorious beacon
I flew on like a dream.

While still up close behind me
The climax for to cap
Came on that flying creature
With its unearthly rap,
And on it followed after
Up to the kitchen door
As I with yell terrific
Sprang in upon the floor,
And looked around behind me
To see if I could see

That horrifying creature
That had so frightened me,
And sure enough the thing I saw,
Oh shades of ghosts and witches,
'Twas nothing but that dangling patch
A flapping on my breeches.

THE MAN OF ONE IDEA.

For mercy's sake, do look a there,
There comes that horrid old night mare,
That man who'd make a preacher swear,
That man of one idea.

He'll put our souls upon the rack
And take us down that beaten track,
Then turn and come the same way back,
That man of one idea.

That same old story he will tell,
Ring that old ding, dong, sing, song bell
With its eternal constant knell,
This man of one idea.

For Heaven's sake go get a gun
And shoot, and then pretend 'twas done
By accident or just in fun,
This man of one idea.

The Lily and the Rose got to quarreling,
The Rose called the Lily a white livered thing,
The Lily told the rose if she was in her place
She'd go and put some powder on her old red face.

MY FIRST PANTS.

I suppose I should say
That my happiest day
Was the day that I called you my wife,
But the day I'll advance
That I donned my first pants
Was the happiest day of my life.

I for office have run
And my party has won,
And I also won you for a wife;
And our first was a boy
Who's a hope and a joy
And a happiness unto my life.

I have tasted the bliss
Of loves first sweetest kiss,
And I've seen my plans flourish and grow,
Fondest hopes gratified
I have drank in my pride
All the joys that this world can bestow.

I've the lottery sought
And a ticket I've bought,
Which a fortune to me did advance,
But there's nothing can give
Though forever I live
Such a joy as my first pair of pants.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

Oh why should kindred spirits
With but one mind, one heart,
With every thought in common
Be doomed to dwell apart?

Why must thy heaving bosom
Whereon my heart should rest
Forever and forever
Be severed from this breast?

Why must this mighty passion
  Which rends our souls in twain,
And speaks of untold blisses
  Forever be in vain?

Thy passionate caresses
  Why must I e'er forego
And miss the sweetest pleasures
  This world can e're bestow?

Oh why must my kindred spirits
  With but one mind, one heart,
Forever and forever
  Bedoomed to dwell apart.

SOME ONE ELSE'S FAULTS

How very fast we are to note the failings of our brother,
But cultivate ourselves those traits we hate so in another;
Nor in our ignorance we deem as we their faults condemn,
That they as mean things see in us as we can see in them.

'Tis altogether too much time we people spend in railing
About somebody else's faults and some one else's failings,
For we're so anxious for their sins to cast at them the stone,
That in our haste we all forget to think about our own.

If we would hetchel our own flax and 'tend to our own spinning,
We'd not have quite so much of time to note our neighbors sining;
And as we for some fancied sin, their character assault—
We do not know enough to know we've much the meaner fault.

It makes me think of fabled times, when men bore on their shoulders
A hump wherein their faults were made quite plain to all beholders;
And each man thought from such defects that he alone was free—
Because the hump on his own back, he in no wise could see.

And so my friends to our own faults, let's give our whole attention;
Nor dare, as long as we've one left, another ones to mention;
An pray that fate, from scorn and shame and much contempt to free us;
Will give us power to see ourselves,—as other people see us.

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